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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

GARFIELD MEMORIAL.

S O R R O W

OF THE

PEOPLE OF BUENOS AYRES

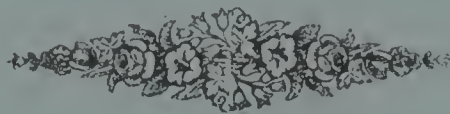
FOR THE DEATH OF

GENERAL JAMES A. GARFIELD,

LATE PRESIDENT

OF THE

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



BUENOS AYRES:

PRINTED BY ORDER OF COMMITTEE.

1881

GARFIELD MEMORIAL.

11

S O R R O W

OF THE

PEOPLE OF BUENOS AYRES

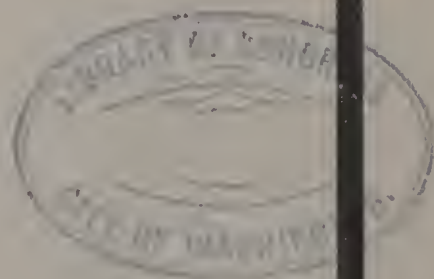
FOR THE DEATH OF

GENERAL JAMES A. GARFIELD,

LATE PRESIDENT

OF THE

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



BUENOS AYRES: *W*

PRINTED BY ORDER OF THE COMMITTEE.

1881

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Copies

TO

Mrs. Lucretia Rudolph Garfield,

THE GENTLE, HEROIC WIFE,

WHOSE NOBLE DEVOTION AND PATIENT MINISTRATIONS

TO HER HUSBAND

TENDERLY SOLACED THE WEARY DAYS AND NIGHTS

WHICH SUCCEEDED THE CRUEL DEED

OF JULY 2ND, 1881.

AND HAVE WON FOR HER THE RESPECTFUL LOVE

AND ADMIRATION OF THE WORLD,

THIS TRIBUTE OF SYMPATHY

IN THE MIDST OF HER SAD BEREAVEMENT.

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED BY

THE AMERICAN CITIZENS

RESIDING IN BUENOS AYRES.

At an adjourned meeting of the Americans residing in Buenos Ayres, of which General Osborn was chairman, and Mr J. M. Grace was secretary, it was resolved to print in pamphlet form an account of the manifestations of sympathy, and of the public demonstrations, which have taken place in this city, in honor of General JAMES A. GARFIELD, late President of the United States; and a Committee consisting of E. L. Baker, C. S. Bowers, C. H. Sanford, B. D. Manton and W. E. Baker, were appointed to superintend such publication. In the execution of this trust, the Committee, in order to bring the volume within the prescribed limits, have reluctantly been compelled to omit entirely the numerous cards, letters and addresses of condolence which were received at the United States Legation; as also the various Editorial articles, published by the newspapers of Buenos Ayres, in mourning columns, on President Garfield. The Committee regret this the more, as many of the former were most tender and touching expressions of personal sorrow over the loss which the people of the United States have sustained in the death of their beloved President, while the notices of the Press were fervently eloquent of his manly virtues, his varied accomplishments, his beautiful life, and his eminent public services. All these words of sympathy, in the midst of a national grief which is so consecrated, are very precious, and will find a response in every American heart. Benedictions may they be not only to the sorrowing people of the United States but to those who have so kindly uttered them.

E. L. BAKER,

Chairman of the Committee.

BUENOS AYRES, *October 3, 1881.*



His life was gentle! and the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, *This was a man.*

Life's race well run;
Life's work well done;
Life's crown well won;
Now comes rest!

He is gone, who seemed so great;
Gone—but nothing can bereave him
Of the force he made his own
Being here; and we believe him
Something far advanced in State;
And that he wears a truer crown
Than any wreath that men can weave him.

I.

THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

The sad intelligence of the death of His Excellency James Abram Garfield, President of the United States, reached Buenos Ayres on the evening of the 20th of September, 1881. The cablegram was as follows:

“All is over! President Garfield died last night.”

The news was published in the city papers on the next morning; and, although not unexpected, it cast a gloom over the whole city. Not only the Argentine authorities but all classes of people, without regard to nationality, received the mournful tidings with profound emotion.

At once, without waiting to receive the official announcement, flags were displayed at half-mast from all the public buildings; as also from the various foreign Legations and Consulates, and from innumerable private houses in all parts of the city. The National and Provincial Legislatures noted the same upon their journals and immediately adjourned their sessions. Telegrams from the Governors of the different Provinces announced the suspension of all official business throughout the Argentine Republic. All transactions were quite suspended on the Exchange of Buenos Ayres; while calls of sympathy

and condolence, not only from official and foreign Representatives, but also from the leading citizens of the place, were made at the United States Legation. The following semi-official letter from Dr. de Irigoyen, Argentine Minister of Foreign Affairs, was immediately conveyed to General Osborn :

[TRANSLATION].

Ministry for Foreign Affairs,
Bureau of the Secretary of State.

Buenos Ayres, September 21, 1881.

My esteemed Mr. Minister,—

It is with sincere grief that I have just received the news of the sad death of His Excellency the President of the United States, General James A. Garfield, of which fact I have informed the President of the Republic.

My Government deeply laments the irreparable loss that has just been caused to the United States in the death of their Chief Magistrate, the victim of a crime that is condemned by a world's opinion; and although no official communication of so untoward an event has as yet been received, the Argentine Government, interpreting the feeling of this Republic, has hastened to take part in the legitimate mourning of the United States, and has ordered the National flag to be half-masted to-day on all public buildings.

The President only awaits the official confirmation of the fatal news I refer to, to order such official measures to be taken as may be conducive to honor the memory of the illustrious President of the Union, and once more testify to the perfect friendship that unites us to that Nation.

I beg of Your Excellency to accept the consideration with which I remain,

Your Excellency's most obedient Servant,

(Signed) BERNARD DE IRIGOYEN.

His Excellency General Thomas O. Osborn,
United States Minister Resident.

To this General Osborn at once returned the following reply :

Legation of the United States.

Buenos Ayres, September 21, 1881.

My esteemed and distinguished Mr. Minister,—

For the delicate and tender note of Your Excellency of this date, remembering my Government in this hour of its sorrow and mourning, please accept for your Government the grateful thanks of this Legation, and be assured, Mr. Minister, that the kind expressions of sympathy and manifestations of sorrow, which cannot await the lingerings of official information, will be accepted, appreciated and ever held in lively remembrance by that Republic and her people, with whom your Republic joins to-day in mourning the loss of a Chief Magistrate, President Garfield.

Your Excellency will please accept assurance of my highest esteem and consideration.

(Signed) THOMAS O. OSBORN.

His Excellency Dr. Don B. de Irigoyen,
Minister for Foreign Affairs, Arg. Republic.

Cards and notes of condolence were received from many other persons, who were not able personally to offer their regrets, expressing the deep sympathy they felt for the people of the United States in the calamity which had befallen them. Among the American residents in Buenos Ayres there were special manifestations of sorrow over the lamentable news. The United States Legation and Consulate, with their flags at half-mast, were at once closed to all official business; and groups of our countrymen during the day assembled at both places, overwhelmed by the bitter grief which filled their hearts, all of them regarding the President's death, not merely as a National calamity but as a personal bereavement.

II.

MEETING OF AMERICAN RESIDENTS.

Upon the receipt of the cablegram announcing the death of President Garfield, General Osborn had the following invitation published in the city papers :

In view of the sad intelligence which has been received of the death of President Garfield, the citizens of the United States now in Buenos Ayres are requested to meet at the United States Legation, 136 Calle Lavalle, at one o'clock on the 22nd inst.

In accordance with this invitation, a large number of Americans assembled at the United States Legation at the appointed hour. Among these were General Thomas O. Osborn, United States Minister ; E. L. Baker, United States Consul ; B. D. Manton, United States Consul at Colonia ; W. E. Baker, United States Vice-Consul at Buenos Ayres ; Messrs. Bowers, Bean, Blythe, Sanford, Walker, Wilkinson, Folmar, Osborne, Newland, Powers, Livingston, Pasman, Bate, Rev. J. F. Thomson, Pressinger, Jacobs, Zimmermann, F. Jacobs, Martin Grace, Morse, Moores, Rogers, Buttifahr, Horton, Newbery, Lowe, Dobbins, Warren, Yateman ; Captains Morton, Mitchell, Finnigan, Tidmarsh, Hitchborn and others.

The meeting was called to order by Consul Baker, who, after stating its object, nominated General Osborn as chairman, which motion was unanimously carried.

General Osborn, on taking the chair, addressed the meeting as follows :

My Countrymen :—

Death at all times is solemn ! When friends die, friends lament ; when good men die, the peoples mourn.

Garfield is dead, and a world weeps !

It is true, the wires have brought us the sad and mournful intelligence that Death has been in our Capitol—it has stricken our strong man to his fall—it has crept to the uppermost round of our ladder, and by the bloody red hand of a madman, in the presence of fifty millions of our countrymen, it has robbed our Chair of State.

In a little while, when his countrymen and the loving millions of every land are embalming with their memories, in their hearts, the greatness and goodness of the "Mother's Boy," the grave will close over the Temple—that Temple, once of the Holy Ghost, now the remains of him who but yesterday was the Chief Magistrate of our Republic, President Garfield.

It appears to me fitting and proper that we, who are so far from home, in this noble sister Republic—but to-day under the folds of our old flag, at half-mast—should mingle our sorrows and tears, in this hour of our Nation's grief. I know, for days and weeks, you had hoped,—for weeks and months, with the sympathising millions of the world, you had prayed that the bitter cup might pass by. I know, that at the night and at the morning, for long weeks and months, you gathered closely around the couch—his last battle-ground for life. You stood by the side of the wife, children, and that venerable heroic old mother, who, a half century ago, had battled with hunger, and the wilderness of the West, for her boy-President, and there witnessed with strong but anxious hearts, and steady nerves, the long and awful contest of the veteran soldier, the pure statesman and the Christian gentleman, as he grappled with the monster Death.

It is over now, the battle is finished. This is not our day of trouble, but our night of sorrow; our hearts are full of grief; we bow our heads, for we know now who is the vanquished and who the victor.

For the Republic we have no fearful apprehensions as to the present or the future. The steady hand of the clear-headed, accomplished Arthur will not be found wanting in the hour of her need. The Republic has had, and may have again, her critical periods, but this is not one of them. Our Republic must and will yet accomplish her mission; the hope of the Republican civilised world is still fixed upon her. One round century has not weakened, but rather has strengthened that confidence. She is still the Star of Nations. She has ever, and will yet give, new impulses to the lovers of Freedom throughout the world. As a sailor, tempest-tossed, is guided by the Polar Star, so they, the lovers of Liberty throughout all lands, in their storms of war and anarchy, amid the darkness of superstition and ignorance, will hail the light burning there, as an orb, which shall direct them to a destiny as happy as our own—a Free People.

That critical period, if it must come to our Government, is in the far future. It may come—not when Chief Magistrates fall by the hand of assassins—not when fratricidal hands shall do their bloody executions—not when foreign arms shall glitter on our shores, for they are all in the past now; but it will come when, as a nation, we shall boast of our greatness, but give not justice to man—when our Counsellors and Chiefs of State shall boast of their wisdom, but acknowledge not the light of Christianity—when they shall profess faith in the Bible, but obey not its precepts—when degrading and disgusting cliques of unprincipled demagogues shall control our Government—then that critical period may be at hand; then the Angel, who stands with one foot on sea and the other on land, may cry as he casts the stone of her greatness into the ocean, “Time with her shall be no more;” or, like a bark driven by the tempest, or torn by the angry surges of mid-ocean, she may go down with scarce a pitying eye to weep her fall, or a friendly hand to record her last struggles. But that time will never come so long as we keep our flag to the breeze—that flag with its red as pure as the life-blood which flowed from the side of Garfield, with its white as pure as the name of Washington or Lincoln, and as unsullied as the

robes that float around the Angels ; with its blue as pure as if cut from the dome above ; with all its stars as much God's stars as those which sparkle in the firmament on high.

That time, my countrymen, will never come, so long as we remember that we have but one common country, one common interest, but one grand temple of Freedom, but one Altar, around which we all can gather and there stir the sacred fires, light our sacrifices, and be always ready "for the time of action;" then justice will be satisfied and our countrymen will always be freemen. So long as the great warm heart of our Republic throbs with noble impulses, prosperity and progress will ever be hers. This sad distress which has come to her children and her friends will not check her onward course or embarrass her future.

It is not with fear or apprehension, but rather with sorrow and sadness, that we have to do to-day. We can now only wander back into the shadow of the past and gather up and lay away in our hearts, incidents and the glorious life-record of him who, but a few hours ago, was ours—when he was a boy—and then when he was a man, for now, to those who knew him well, he is almost a god.

Garfield did not appear like the flash of a meteor in our world and then disappear, for he was a child of his heroic mother and the Republic. He came from an humble home, and with measured and stately steps he marched out and up that rough and ragged path, guided by truth, honest purposes and Christian convictions, until he reached, in the strength and glory of his manhood, that seat, known to be the highest in the land, of a Washington, a Jefferson and a Lincoln—the Presidential Chair.

General Garfield, our President, is dead! so the terrible despatch, with the thousands of flags of this city at half-mast, tells to-day. I dare not mutilate his history. I dare not tell you that when the dangers gathered so closely, and remained so long about the life of our common country, it made him a soldier and a veteran. The sufferings and hardships which he endured in the camp, on the march, in the trenches, and braved on the field, for the land we all love so well, made him our brother.

I cannot lead you over all of his battle-grounds to-day ; I can but simply remind you that when the most critical period in the history of our Republic, when that most awful and moment-

ous period had come, when the present was full of doubt and dark gloom was upon the future, when the eloquence and arguments of our greatest statesmen had failed to maintain the integrity of our Government, when they were powerless to arrest the waves of dissolution, then Garfield, young Garfield, with his comrades, stepped up from the altar of his home and stood on the altar of his country. Our hearts are too full of tears to-day to pronounce an eulogy. His history is a part of the history of his country. I stand here to do him no homage. I knew him well, but his goodness and his fame are above my words and my praise.

For more than fifteen long years he was the leader of the popular branch of our Congress, where all the millions of our people are represented and felt. They knew he was pure and able, and scarcely had his native State directed, and before he was permitted to take his seat in the Senate, his countrymen commanded that he step up higher.

If he had enemies while living, and they can throw doubt on his valour as a soldier, on his ability and purity as a statesman and a citizen, on his tenderness as a husband and a father, I too will shut out all; I will forget his record; I will forget that sea of fifty thousand upturned faces while he was speaking living words to millions. They may say he was not the first citizen of the world, and I will be deaf to his clarion voice and those solemn words "to obey the Constitution of our fathers and the will of the people;" I will turn from that solemn and beautiful scene, and witness him embrace his venerable mother, and still declare he was a man, "the noblest work of God."

The hand of a madman did the bloody deed, and the flag of this sympathizing people assert that he lives no more; but I declare to you he does, and will continue to live so long as men do not forget the good and great of earth—not in song simply, not in ideal fancy, not in the form of a shadowy rapping spirit or sprightly fairy that hovers about the dreamer's pillow, but with the Father of his Country he will live and rest in the hearts of his countrymen.

Mr. C. S. Bowers nominated Captain Benjamin D. Manton, United States Consul at Colonia, Uruguay, and Willis E. Baker, United States Vice-Consul

at Buenos Aires, to be secretaries, which was unanimously agreed to.

Consul Baker moved that a committee of five be appointed by the Chair to draft and report resolutions in reference to the death of President Garfield, which motion was carried.

The Chair appointed as said Committee Messrs. E. L. Baker, Andrew C. Bean, C. S. Bowers, Wilson Jacobs and C. H. Sanford.

During the absence of the Committee on Resolutions, Mr. W. T. Livingston addressed the meeting as follows :

Mr. Chairman:

We are here to-day to mingle together our feelings of melancholy grief and sadness. The occasion calls forth the deepest sorrow of our hearts. In the death of our lamented President, General Garfield, our country has sustained a great loss. This sad event, for the last few days, has not been unexpected ; but it comes with a terrible shock ; and, as Americans, strikes us with all the force of a public calamity.

While we lament for the dead, our warmest sympathies are enlisted for the aged mother and the bereaved widow and children. May that kind Providence, whose ways are beyond our vision, guide them out of the darkness which surrounds them, and give them support and comfort in the midst of their great affliction. For the vile deed, committed by the hand of a frenzied assassin, which has deprived them of their head and protector, they have the sympathies of the whole world ; and from no part have expressions of grief for the sufferings, and of hope for the recovery of our departed President, been so fervent and heartfelt as from our Mother Country. We especially appreciate with grateful hearts the kind messages of her British Majesty, the Royal Children and the Prime Minister of Great Britain, which have crossed the Atlantic to the bedside of our stricken President.

Had General Garfield lived, if we may judge from his great attainments as a statesman, he would have made one of the most successful Presidents our country has ever had. But he was

not spared to complete the work which he was chosen to perform. His great spirit has gone to the God who gave it; and, henceforth, covered with laurel, he shall occupy a niche in our affections and in the annals of our country alongside of Washington and Lincoln. The memory of such men never perish or fade, for they are indelibly impressed upon the hearts of the people;—

“ And will resist the temple of decay
Till time is o'er and worlds have passed away :
In the cold dust the perished heart can lie,
But that, which warmed it once, can never die.”

Professor A. Pressinger spoke as follows :

Mr. Chairman :

We have met on an occasion of peculiar sadness, to endeavor to manifest in some public manner the inexpressible consternation and sorrow produced in us by the dreadful event that has deprived our country of its great and good President.

The chosen ruler of the land that well represents the progressive European races, James A. Garfield, was himself a representative man; and his life is an eloquent proof of the excellence of those institutions that are based upon a love of justice and a hatred of wrong. His mournful death, although occasioned by a most strange and unnatural murder, proves the same; for it was not compassed by a political organisation for partisan ends: it was the desperate act of a frenzied assassin, who was not even a political fanatic. Nevertheless, it is shocking to think that a man, for no other reason than because he had achieved preeminence and occupied an exalted position, should have become a victim to the execrable cruelty of a malignant and ill-balanced mind. In this case, the horror which the crime causes is heightened by the utter absence of those motives which sometimes make men commit such terrible deeds.

We sorrow for our country in having lost its Chief Magistrate under such awful circumstances; but our grief is especially excited for those to whom the dead President was the object of tender solicitude and dearest love. Their loss is personal and irreparable. Their home is made desolate and their hearts are broken; and our sympathy goes out to them in the midst of their lamentations.

The Committee on Resolutions reported the following:

WHEREAS our beloved President, General JAMES A. GARFIELD, in the midst of the career of honor and usefulness to which he had been called by his fellow-citizens, was, on the 2nd day of July last, sorely stricken down by the hand of a desperate assassin—

AND WHEREAS, after long days of anxious suspense, during which we watched his struggle between life and death, with hearts alternating with hope and fear, at last comes the sad announcement that the bullet of the murderer has finally accomplished its cruel work—

AND WHEREAS we, citizens of the United States, temporarily residing in Buenos Ayres, have met on this occasion with a view to express our unspeakable grief and indignation at the atrocious crime which has been committed—

NOW, THEREFORE:

RESOLVED—That, in the death of President Garfield the people of the United States have lost an able, upright and conscientious Chief Magistrate, whose services to his country on the battle-field, in the Halls of Congress, and in the Executive office fill some of the brightest pages of our country's history, while his noble nature, rare intellectual accomplishments, courtly Christian bearing, gentle manners and quick sympathy, have not only excited the love and admiration of Americans, and endeared him to all classes and conditions of men, but have won the esteem and respect of rulers and peoples throughout the civilized world. We deplore his untimely death, not merely as a calamity that has befallen our nation, but we bow our heads to the stroke with all the grief and sorrow of a personal loss.

RESOLVED—That, through the long distance which separates us from our native country, our profound sympathies go out to Mrs. Garfield, his heroic wife, as well as to his venerable mother, and his children, in this hour of sore trial and affliction; and, in the midst of their grief and lamentation, we ask that the beneficent Father of all Mercies may vouchsafe His blessing on the smitten family, who have lost so affectionate a son, so considerate a husband and so good a father.

RESOLVED—That we have observed and recognise with deep emotion the spontaneous manifestations of sorrow and sympathy which not only the Argentine Government, but the Press and

people of Buenos Ayres, without regard to nationality, have displayed on the receipt of the intelligence of our national affliction.

RESOLVED—That, as a mark of our respect for the distinguished citizen whose death we deplore, and for whom the people of the United States, without distinction of party or condition, are now in mourning, we shall wear a badge of crape upon the left arm for ten days.

RESOLVED—That the United States Minister Resident in Buenos Ayres be requested to transmit a copy of these resolutions to the Secretary of State at Washington, to be delivered to the family of the deceased.

Consul Baker, in presenting the resolutions, spoke as follows :

Mr. Chairman,—

In view of the crime which has filled our hearts and our country with mourning, I know how inadequate these resolutions are, to the grief and horror which we feel. These can find no sufficient expression in words.

It is unutterably sad to know that our President—the President of the United States—has fallen by the hand of an assassin. It is sad every way. It is terrible to realize, in the midst of the political quiet and tranquillity which prevail in our beloved country, where only the arts of peace are cultivated, and while prosperity is reaping an abundant harvest all over our broad land—that there was any one—even a madman, so cruel and unrelenting in his madness, as to strike this fiendish blow; and especially, when we consider the gentle, unassuming, kind-hearted man who is the victim,—so great, and yet so blameless in his life; so good, so true and so considerate in his dealings with men; so amiable and tender in his family; so full of sympathy for others; so overflowing with all gentleness and humanity; so possessed of the confidence of the people; so beloved by all classes and conditions of men; so deserving of that confidence, consideration and respect! The better we came to know him, the more he claimed our admiration; and since his manner of life and his character have been laid bare to the inspection of the world—during all the dark days which succeeded his cruel wounding, up to the hour when death released him from his suffering,—the more all peoples admired him and sent up prayers for his recovery.

As a man, President Garfield was above reproach. As a citizen, he loved and took a pride in his country. As a scholar and man of letters, he had accomplishments of the highest order. As a Christian statesman, he stood in the first rank. As an orator, he was gifted in an extraordinary degree. As a soldier, his name is emblazoned among the bravest and best in our land. As a legislator, the records of Congress and the Statutes of the country herald his wisdom and justice. As a ruler, he possessed a moderation and executive ability which gave promise of a most successful administration. "Take him for all in all, we shall not look upon his like again." Such a man, was our poor dead President! for whom to-day our tears are falling, and our hearts are heavy with woe!

While he still lived, the civilized world watched with deepest sympathy the daily tidings which were sent from his bed of languishing and pain; and gave in return its words of cheer and comfort to his stricken family. And now, that the worst is over, the echoes of his funeral knell are vibrating from continent to continent. The nations of the earth, with that fraternity which makes all peoples one at heart, join in the general grief. But at home, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico, the spectacle must be sorrowful indeed! Fifty millions of people bowing themselves in the dust! Fifty millions of people, without regard to politics, or party affiliations, or social position, after nearly three months of agony and suspense, uniting in their prayers for God's mercy on our stricken country, and his blessing on the sorely afflicted family!

It is not strange that we, far away in this foreign land, but thrilled with an abiding love and affection for our native country, and sensitive to everything which concerns its welfare, should take up the wail of woe and join our sorrow with theirs.

In the midst of our grief, however, there is one thing which we should not forget. Terrible as is the crime which has been committed, and deep as is our mortification that such a crime could have been perpetrated in our country, it is something to know, that it was only the frenzy of a single, unassisted madman or fiend.

There is no political significance in the foul deed. There was no conspiracy against the Government. There was no conspiracy against the life of the President. No one but the miserable wretch who committed the act is responsible for the crime.

It is humiliating to know that there was even one man so wicked, and seeking such infamous notoriety, as to have compassed so cruel a murder; but it is something to know that the nation lives and will live; that the machinery of Government, which has made us a great Republic, will go on unchecked; and that, though the good Lord scourge and afflict us thus sorely, it must be for some great end, which we cannot see or understand, but which, perhaps, will be made plain in the unfolding of his Providence.

The nation still lives. The assassin's hand was not strong enough, even for a moment, to affect its inexhaustible energies, or the glorious future which awaits it; and the reins of Government succeed to the hands of a tried and accomplished statesman who has the honor and glory of his country nearest to his heart, and the generous confidence and best wishes of the people in this sad hour, to sustain him. Under his watchful care and guidance, the United States of America will continue to move onward in their march of peaceful conquest and empire. This faith, this confidence is our consolation as we mourn to-day.

The resolutions were unanimously adopted.

Consul Baker then stated that since the meeting had commenced, he had received an official despatch from the Department of State at Washington, under date of August 11th, which, as showing the tender appreciation manifested by our lamented President of the kind messages of sympathy which had gone to him during his long struggle with Death, he felt that it would be most appropriate to read. It was as follows:

Department of State.

Washington, August 11 1881.

E. L. Baker, Esq.,

Consul of the United States.

Buenos Ayres.

Sir:

Referring to your despatch, number 438, in which you state that the feeling existing in Buenos Ayres regarding the attempt upon the life of the President is one of horror of the

crime and sympathy for the sufferer, I have to say that this evidence of friendly interest coming from such a distant Republic is especially gratifying to the President, and he asks that his thanks be returned to those who have so feelingly expressed the hope of his rapid recovery.

(Signed)

R. R. HITT,
Acting Secretary.

Mr. W. T. Livingston moved that the proceedings of the meeting be published, under the direction of the Secretaries, which as agreed to.

Mr. Nelson Jacobs moved the thanks of the meeting to the presiding officer, General Osborn, which was unanimously agreed to, and the meeting then adjourned.



III.

THE POPULAR DEMONSTRATION.

Next to the overwhelming interest manifested by the American residents of Buenos Ayres, in the lamentable death of President Garfield, was the generous and heartfelt sympathy exhibited by the citizens generally ; and this was not confined to those of any particular nationality. Buenos Ayres is, in every sense of the word, a cosmopolitan city, whose population is made up not only of Argentines but of natives of almost every country ; and they all appeared to vie with each other in their kindly expressions of sorrow for the United States in its national affliction, and of tender regard and respectful solicitude for the stricken family in their bereavement. They seemed to regard the United States not only as an experimental school of government, exerting a wide influence on the destinies of the world ; but as a land of hope to struggling peoples everywhere ; and to feel that the bullet which prostrated its Chief Magistrate, although fired by a miserable, insane fanatic, was a blow aimed at all lovers of civil and political liberty, if not indeed at popular government itself. In witnessing such general manifestations of personal grief by strangers, speaking different languages, seven thousand miles away, the Americans in Buenos Ayres felt a deeper pride than

ever in their beloved country; and more than ever realized the fact that these must be some kinship of the heart;—or some common bond of fraternity in the manner of the rise and progress of the United States—something, indeed, worthy of acceptance and admiration in its free institutions and equality of personal rights, when all peoples, without regard to their place of birth or social condition or religious belief, bear such spontaneous testimony in its behalf.

With a view to giving expression to this general sympathy of the people of Buenos Ayres, Mr. Mitre y Vedia of *La Nacion*, on the 21st inst., addressed the following invitation to the representatives of the newspaper press of the city:—

[TRANSLATION]

Buenos Ayres, Septembr 21, 1881.

With the object of making manifest the sorrow of the people of Buenos Ayres on the reception of the melancholy news of the demise of the President of the United States, General JAMES A. GARFIELD, and the indignation awakened here by the villainous outrage to which it may be attributed, I take the liberty of inviting you to a meeting of journalists, which will take place this evening at half-past seven, at the office of *La Nacion*, 208 San Martin. At the said meeting I will have the honor of submitting to the representatives of the press a project relating to the celebration of the act to which reference is made, it being expedient, in my humble opinion, that everything should be arranged this very evening, so that it may take place without the loss of a moment. Feeling certain you will not fail to attend to the invitation I am encouraged to make by the generous feeling you have expressed, I have the pleasure of subscribing myself, Mr. Editor,

Yours very truly,

B. MITRE Y VEDIA.

In accordance with the foregoing invitation, the representatives of the local Press met on the evening of the 21st, at the office of *La Nacion*, where the following programme, being suggested by Mr. Mitre y Vedia, was unanimously approved by those present :

[TRANSLATION]

“At noon precisely on the 26 inst., a manifestation will be organized in the Plaza Victoria and adjoining streets, under the direction of the Committee of the Press, which will appoint its commissaries for the superintending of the proceedings.

“At one o'clock precisely, the manifestation will start by Calle San Martin, eight abreast, leaving a space of half a yard between each line.

“The Committee of the Press will march in the centre of the procession, carrying their own standard and the United States flag, surrounded by those of their nations, all in mourning.

“The bands of music in attendance will be suitably placed by the Committee, and will play funeral marches during all the time of the procession.

“As each line reaches the corner of San Martin and Lavallo, the gentlemen forming the same will take off their hats and keep them off whilst marching past the square of Calle Lavallo between San Martin and Florida, in which the United States Legation is situated, on the balcony of which the United States Minister, General Osborn, will be.

“As the procession reaches the corner of Florida and Parque, the act will be considered over and everyone may disband in whatever direction he pleases, but not stand at the corner nor return the way he came till the procession be past.

“No acclamation nor speeches of any kind will be made from the beginning to the end of the manifestation, and the most perfect order and silence will be observed all the time, so as to correspond with the serious and solemn object in view.

“The national and foreign associations that decide to attend the manifestation as corporations, will advise the Committee of the same, so that their places in the procession may be made known to them.”

This being agreed to, it was resolved to request Dr. Don J. C. Gomez to act as President of the Committee, which position he accepted, and addressed General Osborn the following note:

[TRANSLATION].

Committee of the Press.

Buenos Ayres, September 23, 1881.

General Thomas O. Osborn,
United States Minister to the Argentine Republic.

Sir,—

The Committee of the Buenos Ayres Press, formed with a view to organize a popular manifestation in homage to the memory of the President of the United States, General James A. Garfield, who has fallen a victim to the hand of an assassin, has directed me to address myself to Your Excellency and bring to your knowledge that the inhabitants, native and foreign, of this city, as also its authorities join in the said manifestation, which is one of grief for the loss of the illustrious citizen who won the proud privilege of being designed by the free vote of his Country to direct its affairs; one of brotherly affection towards the great Republic that makes Liberty its supreme Law; one of condolence with the distress of the bereaved; one of reprobation of the crime and as a deserved mark of high regard to the worthy Representative of the United States to the Argentine Republic.

In consequence whereof I fulfil the duty, as Chairman of the said Committee, of bringing to Your Excellency's knowledge that on the 25th instant, the aforesaid procession will leave Plaza Victoria at 1 p.m., marching down San Martin Street as far as General Lavalle Street, turning up the same as far as Florida Street in a procession of honour and with flags in mourning, in order to appear before Your Excellency who will doubtless be pleased to await the same and receive with approbation this demonstration in all its lofty and solemn signification, and that Your Excellency will undertake to be the channel for communicating the same to the Government and people of your Country.

I have the satisfaction of tendering to Your Excellency the expression of my distinguished consideration, and remain your obedient, humble servant,

JUAN CARLOS GOMEZ.

The following account of the demonstration is compiled and translated from the newspapers of Buenos Ayres, all of which published full and extended reports of the affair:

Notwithstanding the threatening and very uncertain state of the weather the manifestation on the 25th inst. in honour of the late President of the United States, General James A. Garfield, took place in accordance with the arrangements made by the Committee of the Press, and proved, without exception, the grandest thing of the kind ever witnessed in Buenos Ayres. The whole people—who, in spite of diversity of origin, nationality, social status and political or religious sentiments and opinions, never before appeared so much like one people, so united in one common bond of sympathy and community of feeling — joined with one accord, in showing their abhorrence for the inhuman crime of assassination, their sympathy for the bereaved, and their honour for the memory of the great and good man whose life offers so many practical lessons and whose history, from the cradle to the grave, is one continuous example of those lives of great men which “all remind us we can make our lives sublime.” Hence, though the great Republic of the North has always been, and is always likely to be the most perfect model on which to base the institutions of young and rising nations striving to follow her in her pathway to glory, the tragic death of her late lamented President has done more to impress upon the public mind, in this country, the greatness of its ideal, and the worthiness of its high aspirations for the formation of a free “government of the people by the people,” than any other single circumstance of which we have any knowledge.

The death of General Garfield has been the occasion of the general discussion of his life, and so beautiful a life as his cannot be made the object of popular contemplation without redounding to the good of all who take any part in such an engagement. Community of feeling in one thing, of whatever nature that feeling may be, engenders community of feeling in everything besides; hence, the universal expression of sentiment made by all the nationalities represented in this country, even if it had gone no further than to make the thousands of persons who took part, walk a few squares in the same direction and with the same object in view, cannot but have strengthened the ties which bind them in other respects, and directed their common aspirations to the same object, their united greatness as a people, rather than as individuals living among aliens and strangers, for the promotion of their own individual wellbeing.

The manifestation has proved, doubtless to the astonishment of many who were instrumental in bringing it to pass, that the fifty million souls in the North are only separated by a comparatively short distance over land or sea from the smaller populations in this and the neighbouring countries; whilst, in every other respect,—in their execration of villainy, their admiration for the great and the good, in their efforts for the freedom and happiness, the peace and wellbeing of the human race,—they are one, weeping over the same grief, rejoicing in the same hope, and striving by their energy, perseverance and labour to the realization of the same ideal—the advancement of mankind.

Long before 12 o'clock noon, the hour named for forming the column, Dr. D. Juan Carlos Gomez, President and the members of the Committee of the Press, with the representatives of the Municipality, and the Police authorities, were in waiting in Plaza Victoria. The various societies and organised bodies were assigned their positions as they arrived on the Plaza; and punctually at one o'clock the procession began to move by Calle San Martin. Upon receiving additions at Calles Piedad and Cuyo it was formed in the following order:

FIRST DIVISION.

Commissaries
of the
Several Sections followed by the Municipal Police.

MUSIC.

The Italian Societies of Buenos Ayres,
preceded by
their own Bands of Music,
as follows:

Reduci delle Patria Battaglie,
Unione é Benevolenza,
with twelve Delegations from the Country.

MUSIC.

Colonia Italiana,
Italia Unita.

MUSIC.

Lago di Como,
Centro Republicano Italiano.

MUSIC.

Lega Lombarda,
Roma,
Unione Operai Italiani.

MUSIC.

Stella di Roma,
Stella di Italia,
Alianza Republicana.

MUSIC.

Circolo Mazzini,
Tutti per uno y uno per tutti,
Margarita de Saboya.

MUSIC.

Liberi Pensatori,
Unione é Benevolenza de San Fernando,
Patria é Lavoro,
Nazionale Italiana,
Múquo Socorro de San José de Flores.

MUSIC—MARINE BAND.

Swiss Societies of Buenos Ayres.
Austro-Hungarian Society.

MUSIC.

Column of Argentine Citizens.

SECOND DIVISION.

MUSIC—ARTILLERY BAND.

The Committee of the Press of Buenos Ayres,
at the head of which was

Dr. Don Juan Carlos Gomez, President,
followed by

The Tipographical Society of Buenos Ayres.

MUSIC.

The Officers of the Municipality of Buenos Ayres,
headed by

Sr. Torcuato de Alvear, President.

Then came the

National Board of Education,
headed by

Dr. Sarmiento, ex-President of the Argentine Republic.

MUSIC—BAND OF THE 5TH OF THE LINE.

Citizens of Uruguay residing in Buenos Ayres,
with General Bartolomé Mitre,
ex-President of the Argentine Republic,
at the head.

Citizens of Bolivia residing in Buenos Ayres.

Citizens of Paraguay residing in Buenos Ayres.

MUSIC.

The German Societies of Buenos Ayres.

The Professors and Students
of the Negrotto College.

Column of Argentine Citizens,
headed by

Sr. D. Francisco Madero, Vice-President of the Republic.

THIRD DIVISION.

MUSIC—BAND OF THE 1ST OF THE LINE.

The French Societies of Buenos Ayres,
in the following order :

Société de L'Union,

Garfield Memorial.

Societé des Cents,
 Les Enfants de Beranger,
 Societé La Republicaine,
 Societé Apollon.

MUSIC.

The Spanish Societies of Buenos Ayres,
 as follows:

Club Democrático Español,
 Asilo Romero Gimenez,
 Union Española,
 Salamanca Primitiva,
 Anselmo Clavé.

MUSIC.

Centro Gallego,
 Sociedad Española de Beneficencia,
 Ateneo Español,
 La Marina,
 Laurak-Bat.

FOURTH DIVISION.

MUSIC.

Members of the English Literary Society.
 Uruguayan Literary Society.
 The Officers and Members
 of the Argentine Rural Society.
 The Officers and Members
 of the Argentine Industrial Centre.
 Column of People of all Nationalities.

The effect of the sad procession, as it moved up Calle San Martin towards Calle General Lavalle, was something which baffles description. Not only were the streets filled with a moving mass of people, but the side-walks, windows, balconies, and house-tops were crowded with spectators; while on each side of the street, as a back ground to the scene, crowning the edifices and covering their fronts, hundreds of flags and banners, half-masted or draped with emblems of mourning, and representing nearly all the nations of the earth, were waving in the free air, in honor of the occasion. Other hundreds of flags and

banners, also heavily draped, were borne aloft by the moving procession, while from the midst of this multitude, like the solemn notes of a sublime chorus, the measured harmonies of the funeral marches executed by sixteen bands of music, sounded at intervals through the length of the column.

In the centre of all, splendid in its ideal, rose high above all heads the standard of the Press of Buenos Ayres, covered with crape, symbolizing the grandeur of the act of homage which had been organised under its auspices. This standard was carried by Sr. Godolfo Huss, Editor of the *Revista Ganaderia*, and united with it was the glorious banner of the United States, also draped in heavy mourning, carried by Sr. Don Juan R. Silveyra, Editor of *El Libre Pensador*, and surrounded by the flags of innumerable other nationalities, also heavily draped.

The spectacle was most impressive. The sunlight at intervals broke through the sombre heavens and cast a glory upon the scene, bringing into view its most brilliant points even to the minutest details; and a moment after, hiding behind the dense masses of clouds which overhung the sky, threw over the pageant a heavy, opaque gloom, sad like the prevailing sentiment, and in keeping with the surroundings. Nor was the effect diminished by the occasional drops of rain, which, like the pure tears of heaven, descended from time to time on men and flags and crape.

In the front of the Press Committee marched its President, Dr. Don Juan Carlos Gomez, accompanied by Sr. Don Torcuato de Alvear, President of the Municipality, and all the representatives of

the Press of the city. And in the group which followed was the National Board of Education, at the head of which was Dr. Sarmiento, ex-President of the Argentine Republic. Later on came a column of citizens of the neighboring Republic of Uruguay, with whom on this occasion walked General Bartolomé Mitre, also ex-President of the Argentine Republic. Then came Sr. Madero, Vice-President of the Argentine Republic, and a large number of the most distinguished citizens of Buenos Ayres, among whom were included Generals, Doctors, Lawyers, professional men in other departments, merchants, estancieros, and others, many of them infirm, old men, who in spite of fatigue and the rain which threatened, refused to leave the ranks until the demonstration was over.

The United States Legation, and the residence of Consul Baker, both draped in deepest mourning, were crowded with Diplomatic representatives and American citizens and ladies, as were also those of all the houses between the Plaza Victoria and Calle Lavalle. The balconies of the Government and the Municipality buildings were likewise draped in mourning; the escutcheon over the door of the British Consulate was also draped, and the flags on all the public buildings and a great many private houses were kept at half-mast all day.

As each group or society turned the corner of Calle Lavalle, those composing it silently uncovered their heads, and trailing their flags and banners, with slow and measured tread defiled in front of the Legation of the United States, on the balcony of which stood General Osborn, whose face reflected the profound emotion he felt in the presence of the

touching spectacle which for nearly an hour continued to pass before his eyes. All this time not a word broke the solemn silence; but the silence was more eloquent than any words. More than one man, educated in the rude school of the world and accustomed to the sharp combats of life, was irresistibly moved to tears.

How are we to explain this popular emotion over the death of a man who was born two thousand leagues away, and whose name six months ago was scarcely known in Buenos Ayres? The explanation is easy. The sentiment which produces such spontaneous exhibitions of feeling does not exclusively result from our contemplation of the man whose memory is honored, but in our respect and sympathy for the people to whom he belonged. In thus honoring President Garfield, we honor his country, free in its democracy like our own. In glorifying the ruler thus sacrificed by the frenzy of a madman, we glorify the free ballot which raised him to power. In publicly grieving for the loss of a citizen who by his own natural abilities and powers was raised to the chair occupied by Washington, we express our admiration for every man who is a patriot. The immense crowd which assisted in this demonstration understood all this; and it was because they understood it that they bowed themselves in the presence of the representative of the Great Republic.

After the last of the procession had gone by, Dr. Gomez, who, with the President of the Municipality, had joined General Osborn on the balcony of the Legation, made known to His Excellency, that

the manifestation which had just taken place was the expression of abhorrence for the crime which had robbed the United States of so good a President, of sympathy for his bereaved family and of condolence with the people of that great Republic, which the Argentine Press and People wished to offer His Excellency, as the representative of the United States. General Osborn replied in suitable terms, gratefully acknowledging the honour done to the illustrious memory of the lamented President Garfield, and assuring the President of the Committee that the generous and fraternal feelings of the Press and people of Buenos Ayres would be faithfully interpreted to his Government at Washington.

Thus ended the manifestation in honor of President Garfield, and it has done much to unite the people of all classes and nationalities in this city among themselves; it has also united them as a people with the people of the North, and it has condemned, with a great and terrible condemnation, the act of the miserable assassin who, for personal or political motives, raised his homicidal arm against the ruler of his country.

And thus, whilst mingling their grief with that of the people of the United States, let us hope that the many practical and necessary lessons to be derived from this sad and mysterious dispensation of Providence, may teach all peoples how

None of all the wreaths we prize
But are born of weeping skies,

and may the tears, shed over the grave of the beloved choice of his fellow citizens in the United States, water and make green the laurels which will crown the brow of Liberty, when her reign shall be esta-

blised upon a firm and enduring foundation all over this great Continent, in the South as well as in the North.

Upon the conclusion of the demonstration, General Osborn addressed the following letter of thanks through Dr. Gomez, to all who took part in it :

Buenos Ayres, September 26th.

To Señor Don Juan Carlos Gomez,
President of the Buenos Ayres Press Demonstration,

Dear Sir:

For your beautiful and touching address, as the President of the Committee of the Press of Buenos Ayres, and for the solemn but grand manifestation of yesterday, in honour of the memory of General Garfield, late President of the United States, so expressive of sorrow and sympathy for the loss of her first citizen, please accept, for your Committee, my profound gratitude as also that of my countrymen residing in this city; and be assured that my Government will know, and, with all her people, will appreciate the delicate tenderness with which the citizens of this Republic manifest their sorrow and sympathy to a sister Republic in her hour of grief. I desire, Mr. President, to express my thanks, to you and, through you, to your Committee—the Representatives of the Press—and to the societies, clubs and individuals who joined in the solemn procession, and who, either personally or by letter, gave such delicate attentions to this Legation during those days of sorrow.

Please accept the assurances of my kindest regard and highest consideration,

THOMAS O. OSBORN.

Such was the popular demonstration of respect spontaneously offered to the memory of President Garfield by the people of Buenos Ayres. No one who witnessed that solemn procession will soon forget the impression it left upon his mind. It was,

not only in its inception, but in the manner in which it was carried out, a most touching manifestation of heartfelt sympathy and regard. It was not a mere show, intended for effect, but it originated in and sprang from the warm impulses of generous, liberty-loving men, who though born under different skies and speaking different languages, feel the same love for the true and the beautiful, the same veneration for law and order, and the same aspirations for the unattained good in all social, civil and political affairs. No American looked upon that procession of sorrowing people but with emotions which no mere words could express. Embodying, as it did, all shades of political opinion and all nationalities, it was the outward expression of that sentiment of human nature which is common ground, and which never fails to move and fill all hearts.

Never before was such a demonstration witnessed in Buenos Ayres; and the kindly words and deeds which accompanied it have conquered what hostile armies might try in vain to do—the affection, gratitude and obligation of the American Republic. When the fifty millions of people of the United States, although so many thousands of miles away, are informed that in the Capital of a young Republic under the Southern Cross, thousands and thousands of sorrowing men, with solemn tread and muffled drums, with drooping flags and uncovered heads, saluted the shrouded flag and bowed before the official representative of the United States, as an act of sympathy with its people in their lamentable loss,—we may be sure that Buenos Ayres will in return receive the grateful, heartfelt, fervent thanks of that sorrowing people; and the Argentine Re-

public will never again appear to Americans to be so distant or so much a stranger as before; while the devoted, grief-stricken family of the dead President will cherish the recital of those events as a most precious souvenir.

Such scenes, such international episodes, help our faith in human nature; and that reverent multitude thus made up from those who came from the east and from the west, and from the north and from the south—all moved by one common feeling of sacred pity and kindly feeling, cannot fail to strengthen the belief that humanity is on the upward march towards the attainment of that universal brotherhood of man which suffers and rejoices in common.



IV.

MEMORIAL SERVICES AT THE AMERICAN M. E. CHURCH.



Memorial services in honor of President Garfield took place at the American Methodist Episcopal Church on Sunday the 1st of October. The Church, which was filled with a most attentive congregation, was appropriately draped in mourning for the occasion. The windows were all enveloped in heavy folds of black, as were also the gallery and organ; while the large chancel window was decorated with the flags of the Argentine Republic and the United States, intertwined with borders of mourning. Below this was the motto :

1831 — JAMES A. GARFIELD — 1881

The pulpit was also heavily draped with festoons of crape, with a beautiful cross worked in its centre. The railings of the chancel were likewise covered with black, over which there was grouped the greatest profusion of rare white flowers. The music, which was under the direction of Mr. John R. Naghten, was very fine, beginning with the "Dead March in Saul" as a voluntary, on the organ. This

was followed by the hymn-anthem "Sleep thy last sleep," by Barnby. Then was sung the hymn, beginning:

"Earth's transitory things decay;
Its pomps, its pleasures pass away;
But the sweet memory of the good
Survives in the vicissitude."

After the prayer and the reading of the lesson was sung the anthem "Vital spark." The Rev. Mr. Thomson, pastor of the Church, then delivered the following discourse:—

"Let men say among the nations: The Lord reigneth."
—1. Chron. xvi., 31.

In the midst of these sombre drapings and floral tributes, we are gathered in the house of God to enquire at his hands concerning the dark affliction which the death of President Garfield has brought to the hearts of all good men.

He who has fallen was one of the princes of Israel, as well as a ruler of the nations, and surely, underneath him were the everlasting arms of Israel's God, to stay him in his long agony, and make him glorious even in death.

These emblems speak for us. If the crape tells of America's and the world's loss, the Cross reminds us of Garfield's gain; if the crape shows that death hath been a victor with regard to us, cruelly bereaving us and relentlessly dragging his prey from the loving arms that would have detained it—the Cross reminds us of Garfield's triumph over death, and tenderly suggests those arms of infinite love that received the martyr in heaven.

If the crape recalls the sin that works, the pangs that accompany, and the tears that follow death, the Cross reminds us that through death Christ became the world's Redeemer, and that he who walked among men as the Light of the world, became by death, the King of Glory. *Precious in the sight of the Lord, is the death of his saints.*

Sixteen years ago Lincoln—gentle-hearted, great-souled Lincoln—was stricken down by the hand of one who shall be forever infamous.

In the city of New York the dread news had called into the streets a huge and frantic mob, eager to take vengeance on

those who had calumniated, and harassed the great President both before and after the closing of the war. That mob was wild; it had already scented blood; two wicked fools who had rashly expressed their approbation of the crime were trampled to death in the gutters, and now heaving and roaring like an angry sea the mob had gathered in front of the Astor House for something desperate. Suddenly a man of commanding presence rose above the throng, and waving the national flag before their eyes asked to be heard. Then with clarion voice, he thrilled the souls of that multitude with the following sublime declaration of his faith: "Fellow-citizens, clouds and darkness are round about Him; righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne; his pavilion round about him are dark waters and thick clouds of the skies. Fellow-citizens, God reigns, and the Government at Washington still lives."

The voice that stilled that tempest was Garfield's, and the faith of his utterance shall be the key note of our discourse to-day.

God reigns! Not simply 'God is.' Let men say among the nations: The Lord *reigneth*. We have heard of the new god 'Force,' and are not altogether strangers to the reasoning by which his votaries would establish his claims to our recognition; but our heart rejects this soulless and unfeeling deity; we shudder at the bare thought of an infinite power, undirected by infinite Will, and unhallowed by infinite Love. For in truth, what can be more dreadful than the conception of a force that can call myriads of beings into an inheritance of sorrow, from which their blind creator is itself exempt, and of which it is helplessly, hopelessly ignorant? Our heart rejects this falsehood and our mind repudiates it with scornful indignation.

Imagination with Reason for her pilot goes forth into the awful depths of space, and takes her stand near the heart of the universe. There she sees what language cannot utter—the vastness of creation—systems, constellations, galaxies 'bright streams of worlds' forever flowing round that central point. And, amazing thought, each spark in those infinite torrents of light is freighted with millions of sentient souls—souls that can long for perfect happiness and aspire to endless progress. But reason sees more; it is in these souls only that the Universe has a significant existence. Destroy the listening ear, and with it you have destroyed all distinctions of sound, even the distinc-

tion between it and silence; there is neither harmony nor discord, loud nor low; and the rattling of heaven's artillery is even as the stillness of a summer night. Destroy the sense of seeing, and you have made the light to become as the darkness, and confounded midnight with noon. Blot out thought and consciousness, and the whole universe of dead matter is as if it were not.

Mind, then, is the supremest existence; and are we to be told it hath no answering mind in the power that created it? that there is no great and almighty soul that can hear us when we cry unto him, and relieve us in our distress? Is the Universe filled with longings, that no force in the Universe can satisfy? Is every individual mind doomed to go back into darkness with the burden of life unlifted, and its mystery unsolved? Are we who can think and must think, the wretched victims of a force that has filled us with hunger and thirst and intensest desires, and yet itself has never thought, nor felt, nor desired? O! is there no living, loving Father God? There *is*, and he reigneth in the heavens above and in the earth beneath. "He is wise in heart and mighty in strength; he removeth the mountains and they know not; he over turneth them in his anger; he shaketh the earth out of her place, and the pillars thereof tremble; he commandeth the sun, and it riseth not, and sealeth up the stars; he alone spreadeth out the heavens, and treadeth upon the waves of the sea; he maketh Arcturus, Orion, and Pleiades, and the chambers of the South; he doeth great things past finding out; yea, and wonders without number. Lo, he goeth by me, and I see him not, he passeth on also but I perceive him not." O, Lord! clouds and darkness *are* round about thee, yet righteousness and judgment are the habitation of thy throne, for "Thou knowest my downsetting and mine uprising; Thou understandest my thought afar off. Thou compassest my path and my lying down and art acquainted with all my ways Whither shall I go from thy spirit? Or wither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold thou are there. If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me."

This was Garfield's God, and let Garfield's faith in him be the star that streams light through the dark shadow cast on the world by his death.

Blind unbelief will say: "Why, then, was he suffered to be stricken in all the plenitude of his cultured powers? Why, if so good and god-fearing, was he hurled from an eminence where the light of his virtues might shine on all the world? Where was the answering voice of Garfield's God to the agonizing prayers of that saintly mother, who for nearly a century had served him with unwavering fidelity?"

We cannot say why; clouds and darkness are round about him, but righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne. We will not believe that the President was God-forsaken, nor that the Almighty smote him in wrath.

Of all the people in the world that aged mother will be the last to cast away her confidence in Jehovah, or to believe that he had abandoned her much loved son.

She had passed through the darkness before, and clinging to her heavenly-Father's hand, had come forth into the light. Who could have explained to her, and shown her why she should have been left, forty years ago, in the wilderness of Ohio and almost without bread?

Why should death have then invaded her home, and taken away the stay of the house in the very moment of direst need? No one could have answered then; it was all darkness and bitterness then. Now we can see that there was mercy in the cup. All that toil and self-sacrifice, that heroic endurance and final triumph, have been trumpeted to the ends of the earth. She was preaching a sermon in noble deeds, that will be read and do good, while the English language lasts.

Garfield's preeminence has made his mother famous, but she has a glory of her own, and it is such as pales not even in the presence of her illustrious son. Hereafter when, alas! the home of many a hardy pioneer shall be shadowed by death, and the widow shall be left to battle with the world and win from it bread for her children, the image and the history of Mrs. Garfield will rise before her like a living presence and save her from despair. An influence like this is godlike, and is worthy to be purchased by many tribulations.

But why did Providence suffer the President to be slain? We cannot tell! But we believe Providence will make even death tributary to the martyr's fame. The hand of the assassin was raised in wrath, but God can make the wrath of men to praise him. The fiendish act by which a madman intended to lay the

victim low and destroy his influence, has but lifted that victim up to the reverence of the world, and embalmed him in the love of his countrymen.

We sincerely believe Garfield would have made a great ruler, for he was not only highly endowed by his Maker, but also full of rich experience, and himself ruled by the noblest principles. He had become fit to command through long obedience to the truth; he had a regal will to enforce his convictions; to whims he seems to have been a stranger, and the light in the depths of his clear, steady eyes was a terror to sycophants, and hypocritical time-servers. His greatness was *in* him, and not *on* him. Yet, and we say it with a feeling of sadness, had all these noble qualities been consecrated to the good of his country during one or more Presidential terms, we doubt if his devotion would have given him the place he now holds in the hearts of his people.

Man never appreciates the good possessed and present, and we only see clearly into the worth of our benefactors, when our eyes have been washed by the tears that weep their departure.

Death crystalized the fame of Garfield when, without a mote, it was shining in meridian splendor. He had reached the highest summit of earthly honor, for we know no higher place, than that held by the man, who has been chosen by virtue of his merits, to rule the destinies of fifty-five millions of freemen.

Garfield's life will take rank amongst the noblest; and the history of it, like that of Lincoln, is one of the grandest legacies our generation leaves to coming time. It is saying a great deal, but I feel moved to say, Garfield's life comes very near perfection. His achievements were worthy of his character, and what is far from common, his rewards and enjoyments were worthy of both. I ask you to bid your memory call up, if it can, a better sample of a full-orbed and worthily successful man; yet, he owed nothing to fortune, and therefore is he an example and an encouragement. Had he, at his birth, fallen into the lap of luxury, and found a path to influence and learning ready-beaten for his feet, then he had never been an example to the poor; had he been carried by the flood of that famous tide which Shakespeare says leads on to fortune, then his life had never been an encouragement to the industrious. There is perhaps no distinguished man whose successes are so easily traced to hard, earnest and meritorious labor.

Garfield was an excellent classical scholar; he was familiar with the richest and profoundest of the modern tongues; he was a master of the abstruse science of mathematics; as a clear sound financier he merited and received the encomiums of Gladstone, than whom no greater financier lives; as an orator whose aim is to convince he had no superior in the House of Representatives, where for years he led his party with advantage to the nation and honour to himself. But he worked for it all; he earned it all and therefore will his memory be forever precious to those who have nought to depend upon but their own energies. He was a conspicuous illustration of the truth of the inspiring adage, 'Labor conquers all things.'

So much for his mental qualities; if not absolutely perfect (and whose are) they were sufficiently so to enable him to discharge his high duties with *perfect success*, and an archangel could do no more.

Morally he was a peer among the princes. No ascetic, no pharisee, no cranks nor crochets were in him; his law was the blessed Gospel of Jesus, and the Spirit of Jesus his guide.

How beautiful the history of his home-life and heart-life. He was mated to a soul of the same heroic mould as his own, and he loved her with a grand devotion. Let me quote from a letter this noble woman wrote to her husband some ten years ago. It will illustrate one notable phase of his character as well as her own. She says: "Here I am compelled by an inevitable necessity to make our bread this summer. Why not consider it a pleasant occupation and *make* it so, by trying to see what perfect bread I can make. It seemed like an inspiration and the whole of life grew brighter. The very sunshine seemed to mingle with my work; and this truth as old as creation seems just now to have become fully mine—that I need not be the shrinking slave of toil, but its regal master, *making* everything I do, yield its best fruits. You have been king of your work so long, that it may be you will laugh at me for having lived so long without my crown."

Noble words! Who can doubt they have gone into thousands of homes to make them happier and brighter. She who uttered them was the dearest gift with which God had crowned the life of James Abram Garfield. She was not only the wife of a great man, she was a part of his greatness. The telegram that summoned her to his side, had a sentence in it that

deeply moved me. "The President hopes *you* will come to him soon." "On some fond breast the parting soul relies," and Garfield had too much reason to fear he was dying. Good men and wise men were ready to comfort him, but his soul went out to her as its chosen human stay. Her strong, loyal spirit was more to him than medicine, and the witnesses are agreed that he rallied immediately, under the blessed influence of her presence. How beautiful his domestic life before the tragedy. Like all else in his history it seems to have been a triumph, a perfect success.

How unutterably sad to think on the shadow that has come on the dwelling place of so much purity and sanctified love. O God! around whom are clouds and darkness, pity the stricken ones we pray thee, and sustain them by thy grace.

Garfield has gone, but he will never be forgotten. We thank the Almighty for having given him to the world; he has made it better by his presence, and we firmly believe, that his influence that makes so steadily for righteousness, will be felt till time will be no more.

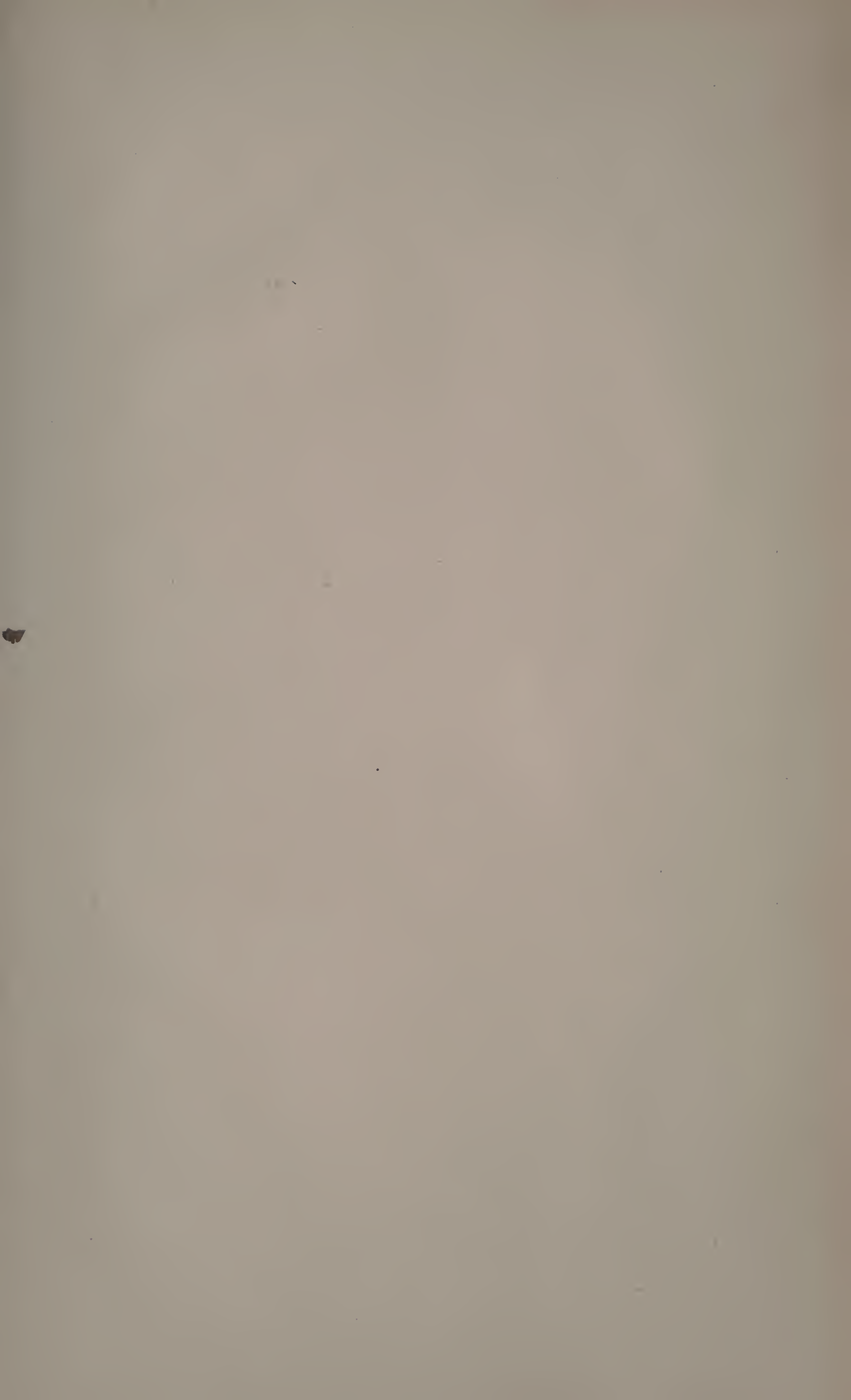
Out of poverty, through adversity, he rose by merit, to glory's highest summit, and dying, yet lives, and shall live forever with Washington and Lincoln, enshrined in the love of his people and of just men everywhere.

Upon the conclusion of the sermon, the choir sung the anthem, "Brother, thou art gone before us," by Sir John Goss, which was followed by the hymn:

"Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep!
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes."

The services closed with Beethoven's funeral march as the final voluntary.

In the evening, the Church was absolutely crowded with a native congregation, and the same discourse was preached by the Rev. Mr. Thomson in the Spanish language.



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